
Title: Suite 2

Author: Ahuaeynjgqxs

when my dearest friends
gathered in my honor,
just because I was a
cheerful fellow that
inspired them to continue
to fight against the
darkness which I served
in my youth. But do not
be fooled, I did not teach
them anything, they know
full well what they are
doing, and how to do it
well. Take this metaphor
again and imagine me as
a water bearer for a
thirsty community. But
only because of this
simple act my friends
felt the calling to
immortalise me, and the
cause for much emotion.
Well my friends, you who
may read those lines ; I
would break my back
carrying cistern after
cistern of water and die
of effort, just to be
allowed to witness your
glory for one moment.
Never forget who you
are, and this goes true
for all you avatars, never
forget that you are
fighting for something
of magnitude, of
importance ! Always
remember that your
choices will be followed by
the less conscious just
like one follows in the
footsteps of the leader
of the march to avoid
getting dirty. And always
remember to honor the
role of the woman
amongst you, because
their intuition will be
your redemption, never let

them once carry the
water, or force their
body in any way since
their sensitivity is
paramount. Even if they
ask you to let them do
it, you should refuse and
push them aside, and
make your effort noisy,
so that they may
understand the return of
the balance in the sexes,
and that we must each
do our part to make it
to the end of the path.
So yes, I think I was
telling my story, sorry
for the lack of linearity,
this is not my forte ! I
was a simple Avatar at
some point, I sought to
become a great paladin
and defend the virtues,
my only wish was to be
knighted by Lord British
himself. But days went
on, months even without
him being even heard of...
the town criers were
silent as marble statues,
was he on a crusade, was
he preaching elsewhere ?
Noone knew... so slowly I
abandoned that dream,
realising that I was
pretty much unwanted,
the royal guard was
already the strongest
force in the kingdom and
I was but a young kid
that everyone dismissed
fearing to complacate
themselves in the silliness
of heroism, oh, yes it
had already begun back
then, the age of pisces
was showing its weakness,
good fish would rot on
the market and people
would kill perfectly
healthy animals able to
labor for the pleasure of
eating bloody flesh. That
is what I call a blow to
the ego, which thinks
itself so apt to
categorise everything as
good or bad. Illogism and

anachronism are getting
evident yet ? They should
because even for a human
there is no sense in
letting good fish rot to
harm a consciousness
which drinks water and
feels. So I wandered
around, and thought I
would look out for
friends that would
practice magic with me,
it seemed the best way
to go for me, this way
at least I would be
self-sufficient in my
power and versatile
enough to perhaps impress
someone that would make
me important. This is how
I met this fine lad called
Nick, he was standing
outside of moonglow with
his pets and was
practicing some magic, we
did share a few tips off
hand and he soon told me
about a great community
which many might have
heard of : the AMT
(Atlantic Mage Tower)
which was not only the
first community of the
sort to openly welcome
all to study magic and
help actively in all
aspects of development of
society at large. It was
even so great and
structured that the gods
deemed fit to give the
place a few blessings.
This way no one would
doubt the authenticity of
the intentions of the
guildmaster, Tiffic the
wise. I doubt I will ever
be lucky enough to meet
another man with such a
great heart in my life.
He was untouched by vice
and his sole intention was
to the ascension of the
spirit and body. Alone he